

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK



JULY-AUGUST, 1932

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining John and The Oracle

Edited by EUGENE HARTSON



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Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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UNEMPLOYMENT EPISODE

The gas flame sputtered
Shadows on the wall
As bare as any
Cattle stall.

Her face was pale
As mist upon a hill.
Curiously inert she lay
And still

As any marble bust
And cool—
A stern madonna
Of an early school.

He clothed himself
With readily sated air.
"I guess these bucks
Will pay your railroad fare."

And still she lay
As rigid as before
And watched him vanish
Through the shadowed door.

* * *

The weeks passed by.
Then she was wed
To her homespun
Lover, Ted.

And she alone
Today is wise
How her laughing daughter
Has a stranger's eyes.

—LUCIA TRENT

THE POET SPEAKS

There is a low, insistent urge . . a burning,
Too strange, too strong, to carve a clear, proud name,
That keeps the intellect aflame while earning
The poet's claim.

Away with spells for transcendental season
Of stillness; let a perspicuous light
Pervade with sure and sympathetic reason
The eclipsed sight.

O mute the heart when incantation lingers—
As camouflage cascading through the frost;
Compunction weirdly points with tense, seared fingers
To visions lost.

Let no accomplishment of facile madness,
Supported by the grasp of calloused peace,
Embrace the heart with silhouetted gladness
To flaunt caprice.

This is no time for unsubstantial grieving
For prettiness; beauty is rugged, strong.
This is the hour the poet must be weaving
From truth a song.

—TESSA SWEAZY WEBB

WAGNER

Tongues tell it thundered when Mnemosyne
Smiled on you; the grim eagle's heart grew cold.
Aflame for Kriemhild, into Burgundy
You rode, ashine with Niebelungen gold.

A redder wine than warmed King Siegfried's stoup
Brimmed in your cup and set your soul aglow;
You gave to Gunther and his valiant troop,
A stouter heart than Hagen's for the foe.

You wore the armour of the dragon's blood;
Where Siegfried's cuirass shone you took your stand;
You saw the spear-point crimson the white rood;
The drinking-cup fall from the hero's hand.

You from Valhalla came and made report:
Kin of the Valkyrie and Niebelung;
The iron gateways to the dead gods' court
You blasted with your sundering sledge of song.

—ALEX R. SCHMIDT

ETERNAL FEMININE

If, in the crystal of my eyes,
You find a spark
Of affirmation to apprise,
Or light the dark

Path of your life. If, through this glow
Nothing appears,
Nothing but the transparent, slow
Amber of tears;

If, knowing these come from feminine
Insipience,
Could you enunciate me in
Your confidence?

—TESSA SWEAZY WEBB

BOY AT EVENING

He dreams at dusk, a boy
Grown pensive now, and still,
Knowing night will destroy
The contour of the hill.

His grubby hands are brown
As the stump whereon they rest;
He watches the valley-town
Light jewels on her breast.

His voice would not be shrill,
But gentle, slow, and sweet;
And the shy white daisies will
Make prisoners of his feet.

—EDITH FULTON

VIRGINIA

(In Rhythm Of Her Water)

SEAS

In the long ago, when beginnings were, in the far-off time of
first,
The lines that were marked for immortal soil were the lines
for every thirst;
For they were from the far north to the south, "from sea to
sea" across—
But reverently count her tide streams today and more would
be found a loss!

I know that her seas crash their black and white, but the
broken ships are one,
With a prayer's Amen, with a lettered stone, with the name-
things begun.
I know that a wave can be a requiem, I have heard it throb
through gray;
But then I have heard it on mountain land, hill tops, too some-
times, betray—

LAKES

And the grave lakes, and the slow lakes,
Name water that is sleeping;
Unhurried tides and missal moods,
The twilight's Aves keeping.

For the suns there, and the moons there,
Are but the light unbarring,
The printed page of deeper things,
Obsidian waters starring.

RIVERS

The rivers are the passes for the sea,
And for each stream;
And take the words of tinkle over stones
To words supreme.

The rivers are the passes—syllables
Of fern and moss;
With freight to harbors that one hand could hold,
Sometimes, a loss.

For there's a feather that no bird will buy,
And bark, no trees;
The smallest words for ocean's undertow,
Memory's lees.

The smallest words—yet often in the hush,
When ships leave shore,
The smallest words are the enduring ones,
Forevermore.

SMALL STREAMS

Virginia owns of many streams
And some beat very fast;
In silver stir to say the words
That small streams must forecast.
And some beat slow, by laurel way,
By green of lotus goal,
A path unlimited for two,
One's self and one's own soul.

—VIRGINIA STAIT

THE ENCHANTED WOOD

A hush has fallen
Over the wood,
And I am standing
Where Syrinx stood.

No one is singing,
No one is sighing,
The winds are waiting,
The day is dying.

The very brook
Is still, unwrinkled;
The leaves with sunlight
Are speckled and sprinkled.

*But when my eyes stray
To an earthy place,
There are hoof-prints,
Intricate as lace.*

—BERTHA BICKFORD

CENTAURS

Mountain shapes with sunny flanks,
They come, Io, they come, the Centaurs,
And the stout ashes fall in ranks
With roars as of a thousand Stentors.

Cloudy-maned and ruby-eyed,
They come, Io, they come, the Centaurs,
And the brown tarns in fear divide
At hoofs that flash and hiss like blent ores.

Gold goblets tumble down the hills,
They come, Io, they come, the Centaurs,
And the wine bounces in red rills
Which they kicked over on their mentors.

They whinny from their nuptial fight,
They come, Io, they come, the Centaurs,
And the bride's whirled in dazed delight,
The tramped torn sorrel shows the dent hers.

By every wet wild-scented fir
(They come, Io, they come, the Centaurs,)
Flows the long stream of her dark hair;
Limbs strain against the gale like bent oars....

Moon-shadows lie along the valley,
They sleep, Io, they sleep, the Centaurs:
Step out and make a tiptoe sally,
And Spring is ours from her tormentors.

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON

WINTER LOVESONG

The winter twilight is a lonely nun
Who prays at some abandoned shrine.
We dream through dusky windows where the sun
Is ambering heaven in slow decline.

We touch each other's hand and watch the grate
Where tulips flame to sudden birth,
Aware that we possess inviolate
The richest boon of earth.

—LUCIA TRENT

WHAT IS NIGHT FOR?

I asked
A twilight rose
Folding its sweetness in:
"What is night for?" It answered me:
"For sleep."

I asked
The thin gold moon
Above the hemlock tree:
"What is night for?" It answered me:
"For love."

I asked
The stars that thronged
Their shoreless ebon seas:
"What is night for?" They answered me:
"For us."

I asked
The quietude
Pervading earth and sky:
"What is night for?" The answer came:
"For thought."

—ADELAIDE LOVE

PLEA

Let me go secretly
When the moon falls,
Like a lost shadow
Down dark sea walls.

Why must all beauty
Break on my heart
As the long surf breaks
Sea walls apart?

If I have children,
God grant they be
Mist of the moonlight,
Spray of the sea.

Let men go by me,
Hot on the trail,
Call me unworthy,
Hold that I fail.

Let me be hidden
Nowhere at all,
One with the shadows
Silent and tall.

I shall be listening,
Learning to wait,
As the proud mountains
Merge with their fate.

Do not redeem me,
Daylight and Dust.
I follow elsewhere
Because I must.

—GENE DE FOREST

SABBATH GRACE

In this bold ringing of the bells of God
I hear the voice of Mammon speaking clear
to all the hosts of men, that they should fear
the Lord and sit in pews of churches; nod
their drowsy heads in finest cloth at odd
intervals when the shepherd pricks their ear
with some fantastic priestly tale, so near
to truth that hearers smile approving, prod
their neighbors lightly, saying with a look,
"He's meaning So-and-so this time," and pull
their furs about. They pay collection when
the hour to God is finished and the Book
is closed until next week, and go out, full
of grace to live in Satan's world of sin.

—HUBERT CREEKMORE

THEY TALK

"But mother—" said Penelope, and smiled,
"Ulysses is a *poet*!" "And must, no doubt,
Be catered to, and humored like a child!"
Archippa answered drily, jerking out
Her thread. "My dear, by what Olympian mercies
Do you remain so patient with the man?
Mooning about his Sirens and his Circes!
Surely you're not deceived!" Penelope ran
A little seam in silence, then she said,
Her lips still struggling with their gentle mirth,
"Well— the poetic fervor must be fed,
One doesn't tie the lyric Muse to earth.
I wait until he smooths his rumpled glory,
And by and by he tells me the whole story!"

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

TWIXT LINE AND LINE

"Since you have writ Finale on the leaf,
Since by your own decree the chapter ends,
God speed you, sir. No rancor salts this grief,
Lovers we were, and so we may yet be friends!
I set no plea, no silly tears opposing
An ultimatum of such magnitude;
As firmly as yourself I mark the closing
Of the bright hour, the glamorous interlude."

My words soak comfortably in your brain,
You credit me with being more inclined
To Reason than the host of womankind—
But scrutinize the written page again,
Look well, my lord—perchance you may define
More than the proper digits, line on line!

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

IMAGE OF GOLD

I.

I said: the heart shall be less. Let it have systole,
diastole, let the bound river rise and decline.
There is an end; let it presume no more.
I have respect for the fresh and the poisoned tides;
the heart shall be a unit of blood.

A dream decays, that is all, and there is a death
to music;
But silence is good and the brain is released
from the galleys.
I am surfeited with fruit and the ultimate worm;
I am weary of the splendor of waves, the aftermath
of foam.

Only the brain lived ; the bees of thought
 were mighty in the hive.
I had sea, the impartial wind, the births
 and the expiration of suns ;
Honey was on the flashing feet ; there was time
 for the amber taste.
How quiet was the heart : a flow, an equal retreat,
 an inland stream.

This, I said, is good : the honey of thought
 cool in the hive ;
The movement of suns, the awareness of atoms,
 the greater and the lesser cosmos ;
The salt of the wind in the nostrils, the soundless
 day and the night ;
The heart not sleeping, not waking, one with the music
 and the dead.

II.

Not with the pageant of trumpets, nor the banners,
 nor the hoofs of the chosen horses
The silence was ended.
Only the indolent rain, the incredible saga of April ;
Only the unbound hair, the image of gold in the rain.

III.

The greater and the lesser cosmos whirl
 as in the silent time ;
Still are there births and expirations of the sun,
Still the salt and the wind in the nostrils,
 the honey cool in the hive.
Not these suffice one aware of laughter, not these
 who has embraced the living and exquisite gold,
 the bitter beauty of gold.

—DON GORDON

"IF YOU HAVE LOOKED ON BEAUTY"

If you have looked on beauty,
The calm—the starry-eyed—
Fling us life's golden pennies
Of bliss beatified.

Be unaware of emerald chains
Of grief that bind her feet—
The voice of beauty is evening-rain,
Her mouth is sweet.

And, catching the tone of her lovely mind,
And her hair like a singing bird,
You will burn up with ecstasy
That knows no word.

For her face is meek as a hill-blossom,
Dying before it grows old—
If you have looked on beauty,
Your heart is a house of gold.

Then you can peer from the windows
Of night on a moon-bridgéd river,
Where beauty walks, giving joy to the trees
For the joy of the giver.

There, too, will be mantles of dew
And a star-song falling—
Beware, before your eyes go blind,
When beauty's calling.

And where her lily feet climb high
A ladder woven of wings,
O listen well for the bells chiming
The magic of hidden things.

For earth has many sights unseen
By men when the dark hours rise;
The Fairy-Theatre lit at dusk
By a fire-owl's eyes;

Where many merry-legged creatures glide
In a dance, to applause of stone—
The witches' grot is a lonely place,
Go not alone!

For beauty's wine and the witches' brew
Men say, are spiced the same;
And drinking one, the other lights
The mind with flame.

If you have looked on beauty,
Go, hide yourself in the mart;
For her wild sweet face is a memory,
That ever will stab your heart.

—J. CORSON MILLER

AGE

Never is tree too old
To bloom in Spring;
A brook, for all its age,
Will always sing.

Only the aging dream
Of man turns bare,
As his gnarled heart forgets
The song once there.

MAUD E. USCHOLD

SPARROWS

Only ragged little sparrows
Flying underneath the arrows
Of the rain.
They are all that I can see,
And a barren maple tree
In the lane.

They are all I really know :
Hungry sparrows in the snow,
And this day,
Full of driving snow and sleet,
And a pattering of feet,
Light and gay!

And a fluttering of wings
Nothing blossoms, nothing sings
In the lane,
But the ragged little sparrows
Flying underneath the arrows
Of the rain.

—CARDINAL LE GROS

RESURRECTION

When I lie, alabaster white,
With rouged cheeks, by candle-light,

Else dry the tears I shall not see,
Or weep your woe, and not for me.

Your 'peace and quiet, eternal rest,'
In this not holy, in this not blest,

I shall abjure—away with it!
One blade of grass, like holy writ,

Flashing from dark, coming to birth,
Reflects the Master, startles earth.

Go, plant the seed, but weep to know
None shall ever behold it grow;

Still the flower you do not comprehend
Will bloom and bloom till worlds shall end.

'Peace and quiet,'—away with it!
I live by thunder of Holy Writ.

—MAUD E. USCHOLD

INVITATION: SUMMER

Who reads the tracery of blue and gold
In meadow-clouds—his spirit cannot wither;
His eyes are limned in music of a joyous mold,
And life is his to blossom, not to grow old.

The bold vigor of a pine will serenade
His comrade-face; as brother to eager brother,
The feet of the wind will travel dawn's facade,
For him will flutes of honey-spray be played.

Let ears of none be sealed to the bells of the morning,
That blend with the concert of bird and bush and tree;
Are there no hands to signal a subtle warning
Of hush against disturbing the plundering bee?

Shape lips to song for the wine of the meadow-madness,
When a red moon lolls in the down of a summer sky;
Never the green days lag—like a lover's gladness,
The heart of the earth resounds with a passionate cry.

—J. CORSON MILLER

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ROBERT LESEUR JONES

Jane Matthew and Other Poems, by Eda Lou Walton (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, New York).

In the work of Eda Lou Walton there is an almost indefinable quality that is connected intimately with personal outlook; a particular charm that transcends gender. "Jane Matthew," to say the least, is a singularly successful poem in blank verse, and there is actually no necessity whatsoever to make any reservations because of its vehicle. The poem is fresh in subject matter, sound in technique, and is written with commendable certainty. The other narrative poems, "Epitaph" and "The Blue Room," do not reach the high point achieved by the initial work, but at the same time there is in the two good craftsmanship and a tangible sincerity. If the author's long poems are considerably more than praiseworthy, then her lyrics attain a perfection of phrase and an emotional beauty that make them quite superior to the former group. One hesitates between "High Meadows" and "She Enters the City" in an attempt to decide upon which is the better of the two; they are easily the most outstanding things in the volume, with the exception of "Jane Matthew." "She Enters Heaven" furnishes a notable introductory passage, as the following quotation will attest:

With breath still taken whistling through her lips
From the steep trail, she turned
Knowing herself above the treeline, and the burned
Forest below.
Slow smoke drifted upward, and she bent
Her steps along a precipice of light.
No stranger to new heights, within this city
Written indelibly upon the sky,
Above the snowline, marble high,
So granite cold with towers that she must fold
The mantle of old ecstasy about her,
Gladly she came to stay!
Utterly now she would prefer
This final way of unscalable darkness.
Alone here in deliberate stone
She knew an old song on her lips.
With this structural tightening her pulse quickened,
Slight whips played again upon the flesh of her desire.

Eda Lou Walton is a woman, but she is not of the popular school of women poets who go crying of silly love. The author is a poet first of all and a woman afterward, an inestimably vast characteristic. *Jane Matthew and Other Poems*, to a certain extent because of this quality, invites praise more readily than does the ordinary book of feminine chatter.

All My Youth, by Fredericka Blankner (Brentano's, New York).

It is agreed that all of us have prejudices of more or less definite natures. This reviewer has been particularly repulsed by the work, and irritated by the myopic vision, of poets who have attempted to fashion poetry from mere romantic names of focal points, such as those places at which the whole of the tourist class pauses and stands agape. Such a mecca is Italy, much picked upon and abused by idealistic novelists and lazy versifiers. Arno is to the poets what New York or London is to the capitalists. That is all well; but one cannot make poetry of names, awe-inspiring as they may be. Fredericka Blankner's *All My Youth* is to be especially commended because its author has found much genuine poetry in Italy that is not made of names alone. The poems reveal sincerity and strength, couched in a delicate diction. The outstanding feature of the book, it seems to me, is the author's remarkable appreciation of things in general, especially poetic things, of course.

If Love Prove Exacting, by Charlotte Blake Loring (Studies Publications, London and Paris).

If Love Prove Exacting, by Charlotte Blake Loring, is a fair book of poetry, so to speak, but unfortunately there is a decided emphasis placed upon the second word in the title. If there exists a vocable in the languages of humanity that receives more studied attention and more pompous publicity than "love" and its equivalents, few of us recognize it or care to recognize it, and fewer will admit its greater importance. But really one can become surfeited. Love, after all, does as much harm as drugs and drink, food and famine, and these harms are those of which we hear mostly in poetry. Not that this is an attempt to represent Mrs. Loring wrongly: She is not alone, goodness knows. And her poems reveal excellent technique along phrase originality and phrase beauty. We are, however, a little fatigued by slender, lilac-scented treatises on the sublime elementalism that worked upon Adam and Eve amid their fig leaves, apples and asps.

Not Creatures But Creations, by Dorothy R. Byard (Fowler Wright, London).

This volume is to be spoken of in terms of what has been done thus far, what has been accomplished up to now. There are imperfec-

tions, but these are confined to errors that appear in the course of development and that can be corrected as maturity grows upon the author. Some of the poems lack reticence and subtlety, some good technique, but over and above these discrepancies is the feeling that much room for development exists but will not continue to exist. The poet in this case is endowed with a singularly fine lyrical gift that has been little used in connection with amorous themes. Beautiful and distinctive in many cases, these poems would profit were the author more careful of her adjectives, both as to number and to choice.

As They Came to Me, by Elise Stevens (Poetry Publishers, Philadelphia).

As They Came to Me is a pretty little book, but it is a mistake. In a final analysis, one cannot help but believe that the author writes for the fun of writing, for the surface fun. The pursuit and study of any art is travail, pure and simple, and there is the same pleasure in this pursuit that one discovers in the healing of a wound. One must be earnest and one must be frank with oneself if there is to be accomplishment. These words are not delivered by immortal lips; they are a poignant realization of every person who has any philosophy of success.

Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award

"In the memory of Ernest Hartsock, donated by Cora Smith Gould—a \$25 prize for the best poem in each issue of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse*." The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award is hereby made to Harold Lincoln Kerr, a Chicago poet, for "Balm of Laughter," which appeared in the May-June number.

Contributors To This Issue

Lucia Trent is the wife of Ralph Cheyney, a Philadelphia poet of prominence. Tessa Sweazy Webb is Editor of *Voices and Echoes* in the Columbus, (Ohio) *Dispatch*. Alex R. Schmidt resides in Piedmont, California. Edith Fulton is a promising young poet of Brooksville, Fla. Virginia Stait is a prolific writer from Gordonsville, Virginia. Hubert Creekmore writes from Jackson, Mississippi. Geoffrey Johnson is an English poet who has contributed to *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly* and many American Magazines. Gene de Forest is an outstanding poet from Virginia. Sara Henderson Hay is from Anniston, Ala. Bertha Bickford has contributed to *The Kaleidoscope*, *Sonnet Sequences*, *Port O' Poets*, and others. Adelaide Love's poems often appear in the *New York Times*. Don Gordon is a widely published poet of Los Angeles, California. J. Corson Miller is a popular poet of Buffalo, N. Y. Cardinal Le Gros resides at St. Louis, Mo. Maud E. Uschold, a frequent contributor, resides in Lacon, Ill.

